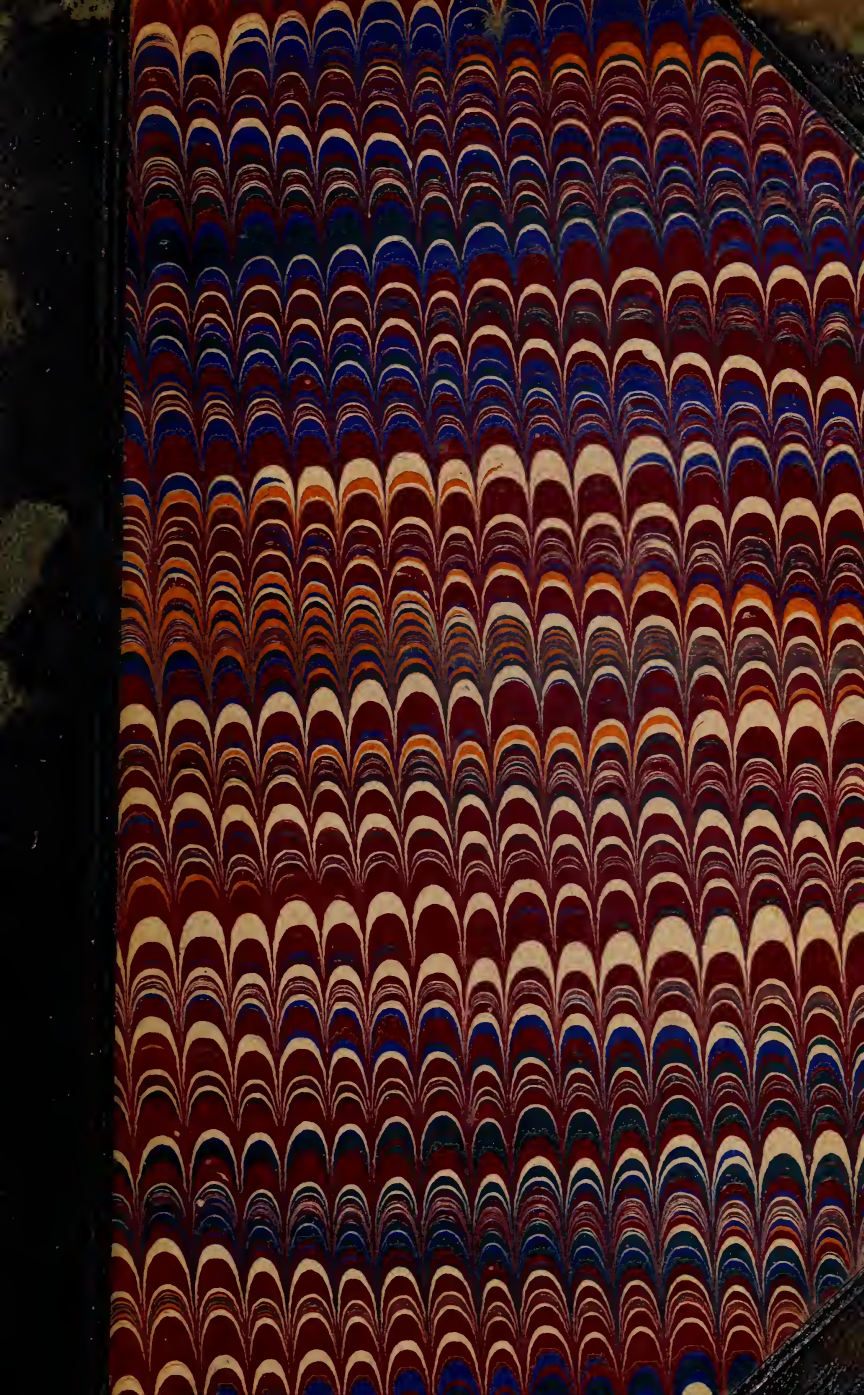
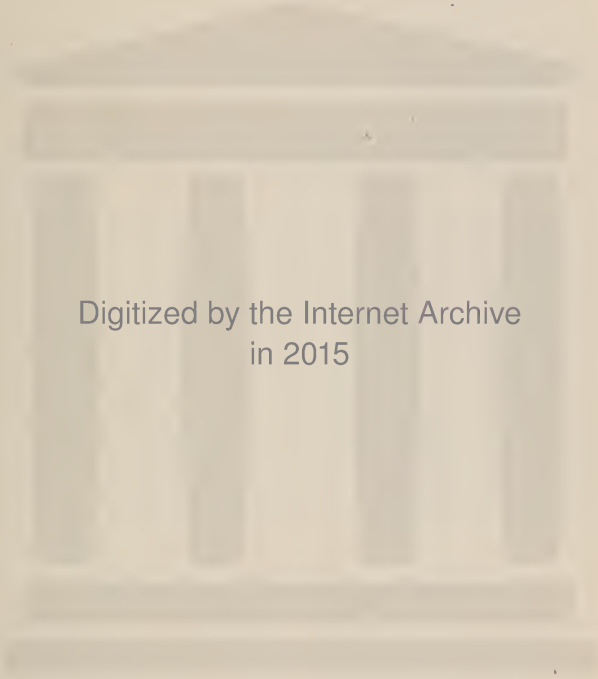


Division 1
Section 7


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/missionarylink91unit

THE

MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

VOL. 9. JANUARY, 1878. No. 1.

As we send forth our little messenger on its eighteenth year, we are impressed with the variety of influences which our missionaries exert in its pages, proving that their routine of work does not narrow them to a small round of duty, but expands with every coming season. We rejoice to announce the safe arrival of our dear Miss Crosby, who reached our shores in October, to seek the rest which her absorbing labors prevented in busy Japan, and know that all will give her a hearty welcome for her work's sake.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Letter from MISS BRITTAN.

AN EARNEST MOTHER.

I have visited lately one of the schools under the care of Miss Harris, but which is taught by a native woman who was formerly one of our pupils. She is now a widow, and maintains herself by teaching, which, as she is bright, intelligent, and strictly upright, she is perfectly capable to do. Her pupils show that she takes pains with them, by the progress they make. She appears to be almost, if not altogether a Christian, and has

many times expressed a desire to make a public profession of her faith. The only thing that deters her, is a young married daughter with whom she lives, and who would renounce her mother if she gave any cause for publicity. Family ties are very strong here, and perhaps because women have so little to love and care for, they cling more closely to their children than is done in most heathen nations. This woman is teaching her daughter very earnestly, and is the only instance I have ever known where a native mother is herself educating her own child.

The school is held in that part of a native dwelling called the "God's House," and is a portion of the very wide and high verandah which opens into the men's court. Under the roof is a grated window which communicates with the women's apartments. For some months past, the native teacher has had some difficulty with one of her feet, so that she could not go up or down stairs. She has therefore superintended all the instruction from the grated window which lights the women's apartments, while her daughter below has carried out all her directions. Although this method may seem very curious, it has proved a success; and the woman has not only kept good order but advanced her pupils, most of whom know portions of God's Word, the catechism, and many hymns very thoroughly.

These little native schools which our missionaries superintend, seem as if they would become vast powers for God. The seeds of truth are being carefully sown in infant minds, before the fearful idolatry of their ancestors has taken deep root; can we not believe that some of the seeds will spring up, blossom and bear fruit in the future? Some of the children are such pretty little things, that it makes my heart ache to think of the future to which they are destined. Every year there are hundreds of thousands of these poor people swept off to an untimely death by famine, inundations, or cyclones; so that we who are laboring among them feel as if the time was doubly short and precious, to shed some rays of heavenly light on their darkened pathway. Would that the churches at home would appoint one day for special prayer for India, that both teachers and taught may be the recipients of God's choicest blessings.

Letter from Miss Coles.

"HERE A LITTLE AND THERE A LITTLE."

One child whom I teach has a name which means "Beautiful," and is a promising pupil ten years of age. The mother sits beside us as the lesson is given, and asks many intelligent questions, listening attentively to Christian truth. She told me one day that she had been happier ever since I had taught in the house, and that her heart was more soft toward Christianity. Once, when she was in great trouble, I taught her how to pray to Jesus about it, and told her that she would be comforted if she believed that He would hear her petition. Some time afterwards she told me that she had tried to use the prayer faithfully, and that her husband was now kinder to her than before.

In a very poor dwelling where I teach, no one could be prepossessed with the damp and dirty surroundings, but another feeling comes over me as I meet three women who live there, and who are the best pupils I have ever had. One is the aunt of a young bright girl, and the third is the work-woman who, as she belongs to the same caste as the others, is friendly and indeed intimate with them. I commenced my religious instruction with the account of the Creation, which at once chained their attention. Soon I found they had invited some friends to be present when I talked to them of the Bible, and I often have a large audience. I generally sing a hymn as they are assembling, and then explain the meaning of the words, which all seem to enjoy. One woman seemed especially interested and asked me to repeat it, saying, "Pray to your Lord Jesus to have mercy on us, and to put light in our hearts. It is very good of Him to send you to teach us." I think these poor women have begun to understand the story of the Cross, and that the Spirit of God is working mightily in their hearts. May we not hope that they may have courage soon to accept Him before their fellowmen.

Letter from Miss Kimball.

WHAT THE RAINY SEASON IS.

The heat is frightful, and you can hardly understand how delicious the breath of a North-Easter is to us. The rainy season is the most trying of all, and especially these last months when the Monsoon, or South-West wind dies away, and leaves us to punkahs alone, in the stifling moist heat. The earth is full of water, the air of vapor, and the sun seems never so fierce, so that we continually have the feeling of being in a steam bath, subject to its accompanying debility and lassitude.

The work, of course, goes on apparently as usual, the same number of hours being spent out, and the same number of houses visited ; but there cannot be the same activity shown by either zenana woman or teacher. Sickness in the form of fevers or cholera, invades almost every home, and the heart faints under the influences of the season. Still we do the best we can, and are thankful for our kind Master, who exacts no more, and who, in our weakness, has promised to perfect His strength. He will take care of the seed we sow in feebleness, through all the seasons, glorifying Himself in results in His own good time.

A WORKING CHURCH.

There is a most interesting work going on under the care of Rev. Dr. Thoburn, an American, whose church has arisen to be a power in the city. Its working force is the largest here, I think, and it reaches the sailors on ships as well as in its coffee-rooms. Its schools are taking up the neglected East Indian children ; it has a temperance crusade, its class meetings bring into fellowship its curiously assorted members and altogether is the one live, active, aggressive church in the city. The Babus are coming in numbers to hear Dr. Thoburn preach, and have recently asked him to lecture on America, many of them expressing a wish to emigrate thither.

INDIA.—Allahabad.

Letters from MISS WARD.

WHAT THE HOME IN ALLAHABAD LOOKS LIKE.

I wish I could take you through our "Home" this morning. It is a large, square, white, one storied house, with a wing at one end. A wide verandah runs along the front, the roof of which is supported by pillars and arches. The part which has lately been built is now ready to be occupied. Although finished four months ago, the walls were so thick and took so long a time to dry thoroughly, that it was not safe to move into it earlier. From the verandah on the front, you enter a long room, divided by an arch; under this is a folding screen, which separates the dining from the sitting room. The floor is covered with a thin cotton drugget, which the natives make. On the walls are a few chromos and drawings, given us by kind friends. The furniture is plain, part of it covered by a small figured chintz. Here we gather as a family, morning and evening, and to us, it is a pleasant, homelike room. We have six bed-rooms, large and airy. Before the new rooms were put up, we had only two; so now, as you may imagine, we each appreciate the luxury of a room. Our guest-chamber is a source of much pleasure, partly because we have spent time and thought in re-arranging odds and ends, and have succeeded in furnishing it comfortably without extra expense, and partly because we know that now, if anyone visits us for a few days, it does not necessitate our crowding. I wish some of those among you who spend your time and money for the work could come and occupy it for a time, and see what a pleasant, happy home we have here in Allahabad.

EARNEST PURPOSE.

Our home life shapes itself to fit around the business of the day,—Zenana teaching. At present the weather is so hot, we are not able to go out in the middle of the day, and half past four, A. M. finds all moving. After a hasty, light breakfast of tea and toast, our missionaries, who live at their own home join us, and the ten divide into three gharries, and ride into the city,

where we separate, each going on her own rounds. A small force sent out by the Lord, but with His help, we will take the city. Entering, as we do, into the centre of these homes, and there planting His standard, the Bible, success is certain, although delayed. O! that you and we may have the faith to grasp the promises, and wait His own good time. One pleasant feature of the work is the little school, held in the house of the orphan girls, on our compound. Here, as you know, daily, from thirty to fifty children gather, and are taught by Lizzie and Jennie—two of our larger orphan girls. They are good teachers and thoroughly interested in their school. We have good reason to believe the labor expended here, has not been in vain. No one ever makes the smallest sacrifice for Christ without being repaid even in this world, and I can truly say I have never spent seven happier years than those which have just passed. If God will show that He wants me to labor in this land, by giving me health and strength, I shall be glad to spend a lifetime in the work.

A DARK HOME.

Not long ago I was called to visit a woman who had just moved into Allahabad. A small door opened from the street into a narrow, dark, stone stair case, and I was asked to go up, as the Bo's rooms were up stairs. I managed to get up, by using my hands as freely as my feet, and landed in a good sized dark closet. From this, a door opened into a small room, perhaps twelve feet square. Here I found a girl of fourteen, who rose from the floor where she had been asleep on an old blanket. She brought me the books she had formerly studied with a lady in Lucknow. I suggested we should find a place to sit where there was more light; but she said there was no other place except an opening by the door. I felt sorry for the child, she seemed so alone and utterly forlorn. I began to ask her about herself, and found she had been married to a widower with one little girl, who was now about seven years of age. He had found employment here, but received such small pay, that he could afford no better place for his family. The child could

run out of doors and get the fresh air, so it would not matter much for her; but the girl of fourteen who had no friends here to whom she could go for a visit now and then, and so vary the monotony, must stay in this small place for many weeks and months to come, with no farther end in life than to cook for her husband morn and eve, and care for his child. I did not wonder at her downcast stupid face, and I began to contrive some way in which she might busy herself and pass her lonely hours.

Her small rooms were dirty and all in confusion, so I told her how to clean and arrange them, and after seeing her face brighten with hope, we looked over the books and settled a short reading lesson to be prepared for the next week. I find this young wife improves both in housekeeping and reading. Her mind is not bright, but she is diligent and interested. She takes great pleasure in "Peep of Day," and I hope she may soon be able to read the Bible.

Letter from Miss Lathrop.

[*Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.*

DISTRESS IN INDIA.

The one topic here is the heat and the failure of rain. We go to bed with the thermometer at 97° and get up to find it 95°, while the days are something dreadful to endure. With the first ray of daylight we rise, and as soon as we can get a cup of tea or fresh milk, start out on our daily round. As the poor women we visit have not a tithe of the comforts we have, the work goes on in a very halting manner. Already, the people say, the rice is dried up past recovery. This is not so serious here as it would be in Bengal, where that is the staple article of diet. Here the poorer people live almost exclusively upon unleavened cakes of coarse flour, kneaded and flattened very thin between the hands and baked on hot stones or some shallow cooking vessel. These are tough and tasteless to us, but those accustomed to live on them are fond of them, and the Bengalees after living here some time get into the way of depending upon "rote" instead of much rice.

New officers have been moved here from Lucknow bringing a good number of Bengalis Babus and their families; some of these have come under our care. Our continued prayer is that God will enable us to be faithful, and that the Holy Spirit may teach us so that we may give the best possible instruction to others. The idea with many Hindoos is that they can make a compromise. "We can be Christians," they say "in our hearts and no one know it, and so never break caste or separate ourselves from our families." Some seem to think as the Christian religion is one of the heart, the outward life has little or nothing to do with it.

Letter from MISS ANTHONY.

A BIGOTED MOTHER-IN-LAW.

While teaching one morning, a servant came from a house close by, and said the Bo asked me to come and see her for a few minutes on my return. I was surprised, because I knew the people in that house were very bigoted, as one of my pupils had been living with them for a short time, and it was the greatest trouble to get in there to teach her. The Bo of the house wishing to learn fancy work, took a few lessons in knitting, and sat by while the Bible lesson was being given. This so incensed her mother-in-law, that ever since she will not take anything to eat or drink from the Bo's hands. When I went to the house in acceptance of the invitation and entered the little front room, I found it was empty. A servant told the Bo I had come, when I heard loud voices in the next room and these words spoken in an angry tone, "I will not stay for a minute in the same house with her." The mother-in-law then rushed quickly past me, out of doors, not even casting her eyes on me. I think she would not have passed through the same room in which I was sitting but that it was the only entrance to the house. The Bo soon came in, bringing some canvas and wools and asked me to begin a sampler for her. She said her mother-in-law intended to go away to Calcutta, and as soon as she did, she wanted a lady to come

and teach her both to read and work. The Babu also was quite willing, and had only prevented our visiting the house in compliance with his mother's commands.

HEARTS GAINED.

Two Mohammedan families are now under my instruction, and although the sect is generally very bigoted, these people are an exception. Even the men listen when I am teaching, and do not argue as I advance the doctrines of Jesus. One old grandmother began to fan me, as I taught, telling me how much I was in her thoughts while I was absent from them. A young girl about sixteen threw her arms around my neck which quite surprised me, as I did not think I had so soon won the hearts of the women. It is a great point gained that they are willing to permit me to read our Bible to them, for generally whenever I have attempted it the Mohammedan women decline to be taught. They have so little to break the monotony of their existence, that they really miss our visits after we have once gone to their houses.

Letter from Miss Smith.

EARNEST LISTENERS.

A new pupil is a tall, fair, handsome Mohammedan woman about fifty years old. She is particularly ladylike, and has a soft musical voice very pleasant to listen to, and her manner on the whole is so winsome, that she completely won my heart the first time I had the pleasure of seeing her. She was given to me three weeks ago by Miss Caddy, with whom she was studying. The interest she manifests in the Bible is astonishing, considering she does not believe a word I read to her. She knows that Christ existed and esteems him a good man, but far inferior to the Arabian Prophet, the writer of her sacred book, the Koran. Last week, when I read the account of the Crucifixion in the Gospel of Luke she was deeply affected. She is very anxious to advance in her studies, so as to be able to read the New Testament for herself. I hope the time is not far distant when, the eyes of her understanding being enlightened,

she will clearly see how utterly false is the faith of Islam, and will rejoice that the entrance of God's word giveth light.

In another house I have four pupils, one Bengali, and three Hindoostanees, two of whom are children. One has a great aptitude for worsted work. She completed a pair of slippers two weeks ago, and is at present knitting stockings for her oldest boy. I think it is a great thing that these poor women can find something else to do besides gossip and sleep. The Hindoostanee pupils come from the adjoining house, as the mud wall of the apartment in which I teach separates the two huts. I was very much amused when I discovered the passage of communication the women had made. If they wish to speak to each other during the day, it would be inconvenient to get into each other's houses by the doors that open into the lane, so they have made in the wall a round hole large enough to admit a child ten years old.

Letter from Shorolotta, a native Bible reader in India.

[*Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.*]

The state of the Zenanas with regard to their education is more to be approved than some years ago. The women have no prejudice now-a-days to get education and to hear of Christianity.

Most of the Zenanas oppose reading the Bible or hearing of Christianity, only for fear of being threatened or abused awfully by their mothers-in-law. Mothers-in-law among the Hindu women are looked upon as if tiger-like, for they are in the habit of oppressing their daughters-in-law. As to the animosities which the benighted Hindu Zenanas maintained in times past, to speak with or sit by Christian ladies, they have quite disappeared now. Formerly they used to sprinkle Ganges water on the place where a Christian stood, or wash the seat with their "holy water" whereupon a Christian sat. Some of their public poojahs and ceremonies are on the point of being abolished. Hindus in general are now seen forsaking their idolatry, and turning with their families to Brahmism, alias Deism, the present newly formed religion, so they are on the threshold of Christianity, and are as if "almost persuaded."

CHINA—Peking.

Letters from Miss Colburn.

AN OPEN DOOR.

Our vacation of five weeks has ended, and nearly all the pupils have returned, and are eagerly waiting the re-opening of school. There have been several new applicants, one of whom has already come to us. Another, the sister of one of our girls, we have promised to receive. If we were assured that you would sustain us, and that our strength would bear the increased responsibilities, we might add largely to our numbers. By faith we work on, believing that the needed resources will not be withheld. While subjects for instruction have been so long sought, now that they voluntarily come, shall the door be shut? Or, because the desire for knowledge comes from the poorer classes, shall we wait until the rich shall condescend to become learners? Shall we not rather follow the example of our Saviour, and thus prove to this nation that the Gospel we teach is Divine?

Our gate-keeper is much interested in religious truth and says, if it were not for the reverence due to his mother who is more than eighty years of age, and whose last days he does not wish to embitter, he would now publicly profess his faith, and when she departs he will certainly do so. You can hardly conceive the honor and worship demanded by an aged mother, especially from an only son. In many cases after the conversion of these people, they must wait for the consent or death of their husbands, or those whom they feel bound by custom to respect or obey.

The sister of the gate-keeper who came to live with us, the month after our arrival in Peking, an ignorant heathen woman, has learned to read the translated Word, and is now a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus. Yet she waited one year for the consent of her husband, and on receiving it last May, joyfully entered into full communion with the church.

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Letters from MRS. PIERSON.

OCCUPANTS OF A TEMPLE.

Upon a neighboring mountain about a day's journey from this port, there stands an old temple. It is entirely isolated, excepting from the mountains, the solemn, rude, and ancient native cemeteries, the majestic trees, and the massive rocks. There the waters of the mountain brook murmur their diapason, in harmony with the minor notes that sigh from the heart of the pines. An old priest and his wife have been for years the sole occupants of that lovely temple, devoted to heathen rites and ceremonies. During the intense heat of the season, the Lord led me to that calm, cool, and quiet retreat. I had been praying for days and weeks, that the season of rest might also be a time of service for the Master; that I might be permitted to break the Bread of Life to some perishing soul, and the Lord directed me to that temple. A lady and gentleman of the Episcopal Mission had occupied that place for a few weeks during the preceding summer, and had sown good seed. The old priest and his wife were very poor, the former having been sick for a number of years. Many times, when the still evening gathered around us, we discerned his form arrayed in the costly apparel of a priest, stealing into the cemetery in the rear of the temple. There he burned incense to the names of the departed. I ventured to expostulate with him. "Ah"—he replied—"there is no truth in this worship of the dead; but I am a priest and must fulfil my duty." He came always to our morning prayers which were in Japanese, and I made them occasions of instruction to him and to all assembled. The Holy Spirit had touched his heart, but the darkness was so deep, that only the faintest glimmer of heavenly light had penetrated the gloom enshrouding his soul. The dear faithful girls too, who accompanied me, seized every opportunity to speak the words of Life to him. At last, among my little books I found a translation of the "Story of the

Cross," by Dr. Hepburn. I gave it to the priest, who read and studied it faithfully. Not long after, he came to me with tears in his eyes and joy in his face, saying,—"I have found the light, I have found the light—now I understand about Jesus and I believe!" After that, we had many seasons of prayer and study, which he enjoyed and appreciated. At the end of two weeks, we returned to Yokohama, to renew our visit at a later period. We never saw him again. Soon after, he was stricken with death.

The little book was still his companion until his eyes grew dim and his heart cold, and he read of Jesus who came to seek the lost and dying. His last words were: "Jesus, have mercy on my soul." His remains lie among the grim old heathen relics of the past. Shall he not rise at the last day clothed with a new body like our Lord's? So many pleasant memories of that place throng upon me, that I pause for gladness as I am endeavoring to transmit to you, dear ones in our Master's Western vineyard, something of the joy that animates your fellow laborers in this Oriental land.

When I returned to the same place, the Japanese girls did not accompany me. Meetings were held in the temple twice a week for Bible instruction and religious service. One evening there came a company of young priests, some to question, some to learn. One young man endeavored to convince me that they worship the same Lord as we.

He said, "We do not worship idols, but the one invisible Lord!" I replied, "If you worship the God of this Bible, the Father of Jesus Christ, then you belong to the great company of the redeemed." "We know nothing of Jesus Christ, nor of that Bible," he replied. I said, "Are you satisfied with your heart and life?" He answered candidly, "Not always, not altogether. I sin, I repent; I am very weak!"

When exhorted to lay aside his delusions and come to Jesus, who is the soul's refuge and rest, he was evidently affected. Many times the little children came to my room, bowing in prayer, as petitions ascended for them, and singing the hymns which have been translated into the vernacular.

One little girl was so delighted, that she returned, bringing her father to hear about Jesus.

Passing up or down the lower mountain in the range which is thickly inhabited, the women always eagerly inquired about the next meeting, saying, "We are coming," which they did.

In this little sketch only a few of the interesting cases have been presented where many pages might be filled. If I could only depict many that occur in my daily work, as I see, know and feel them, you would rejoice in my joy.

We wait patiently for the great harvest day, sowing the small grains of truth beside all waters.

Letters from MISS GUTHRIE.

A CHILD OF PROMISE.

I found a very quiet place when I was able to leave the "Home" for my rest at Sugito, in the neatest temple, that I have seen in Japan. The little temple was founded 1200 years ago, and the large temple where I had rooms, was 500 years old. It was partly destroyed by fire about 200 years ago. The grand altar has nineteen idols, and in all the temple there are eighty-five. This place was in the olden time, the residence of a powerful line of princes, who belonged to the old Mikado dynasty, before the Tokagana was known. Of late years the temple has been neglected. Latterly the heads of affairs at Tokio wishing to keep up one of the finest properties in Japan, sent one of their most celebrated Buddhist preachers from Shiba, to revive the drooping interests and restore something of its fading glories. It was to this priest and his wife that I went, and they were more than kind to me. As I was arranging my varied luggage, beds, dishes, provisions, pots and pans, I noticed a paralytic, who followed me everywhere, then a pale, worn-out looking woman came to assist me, and last of all, a very pretty girl of twelve years gave me this sad history:

Nine years ago the man had become insane and had remained so for two years. Then a native physician cured him,

and since, he has been foolish. His shaven head is covered with sickening scars, proofs of the cure. He had a good property, but his wife used it all in trying to have him benefited. Two years since his brother, who was a physician, took the family home, and taught his little niece to read and write. She has four books that she has written in Chinese that are truly wonderful. She was so bright that her uncle wanted to make her earn money to pay him for his care of the family. He intended her to do it by singing and dancing. The priest, who was an own cousin, grew indignant at such a thing, and took the family with himself to Sugito. He said he wished he could send the girl to school as she was so bright, but he had rather she knew nothing, than learn to be a public performer, as such a thing was never known in their family.

I watched them all closely for several days, learning to love the dear child, who seemed to adopt my ways.

When quite convinced of the real worth of the family, I asked the mother to let me take the girl home to our school. She was surprised and shed many tears at the thought of parting with her, for, she said, her husband was such a burden of care to her. The next day she consented to part with the girl, if I could get the priest to consent, adding "for you know we eat his food and cannot go contrary to his wishes."

I went to the priest and told him if he would consent to my taking the girl to Yokohama, I would sign a bond that she might remain three years, and that we would educate her. He did not answer at once, but came to me the day following and said that if he could afford it, he would gladly pay for her. "But you see" said he, "I have her father and mother and I intend to support them always. So I give my full consent, and will do all I can to help the girl along."

Before you read this, the young girl will doubtless be a member of our family.

Letter from MRS. VIELE.

SAFELY LANDED.

We had on the whole a pleasant trip from America to Japan. There were many Christian people in our company, and beside the Sabbath service on the steamer, we had evening worship, and also a Bible class every morning which was a profitable hour to those engaged in it, making one corner of the saloon a little Bethel. How the dear Lord always strews the paths He makes for us with blessings. On our arrival the dear ladies at the Home gave us a joyful welcome and have done very much to make us happy.

On our way to the bluff we saw a lady driving down the hill and were told by our companion it was Miss Crosby the superintendent of the "Home," who he judged had received the mail and was going down for us. When we met, he informed her he was escorting these ladies to her home and she, not hearing the names, quietly turned her horse and went back with us, not knowing who we were until we were all in the house. Then her surprise knew no bounds, and I think our welcome was none the less warm, that we had come a steamer sooner than we were expected; nor was it less hearty that we had come to relieve the feet grown weary in long and faithful service. I asked myself, whom, in years to come, will we welcome, fresh and strong from our home firesides and loving friends, to take up the work and send us back for rest and strength to the dear ones who will longingly wait and hope for our return?

The mail did not reach the house for some hours after, to tell we were coming.

The home meets my expectations in every respect. Beautifully situated, roomy, cool and comfortable; having every facility for carrying on the work for which it was designed, it is an honor to the noble women of America who have labored so earnestly for its support. The work now so well established and in good condition is certainly also an honor to the faithful, devoted missionaries who have labored on year after year to bring it to its present firm and promising basis. When I see how much has been done by these faithful pioneers in the work,

I almost feel like an interloper enjoying the reaping of their long years of faithful sowing.

We arrived before the summer vacation was over and most of the scholars were absent, so we have had time to get acquainted with those who were at home. I find them pleasant, quick and apt to learn. I was greatly amused with the way they learned my name. I told it to one of the girls the day after I arrived, and she repeated it two or three times. A few hours after, I was sitting by my window and could hear them studying in another room ; suddenly their lessons were stopped and they began repeating the alphabet in concert, when they came to V. they all said Viele, Mrs. Viele, several times. Since then they have remembered it. I shall have charge of twenty-five of these children, and I think I shall love them very much. I want to be a blessing to them. I have been surprised at the earnestness of the girls now at the "Home" in their singing and devotional exercises. It hardly seems possible that those who so lately have been brought out of the darkness of heathenism should understand so much as they seem to, of all that pertains to Christianity. I am asking the Lord to use me in every way for their spiritual good.

Quite a number of the missionaries from the various missions in the place called on us soon after our arrival, and their warm greeting to the new accession to the working force of Yokohama was very acceptable to us, and made us feel we were only transferred to another branch of the dear Lord's family to help them cultivate another little corner of His vineyard. On the first Sabbath of our sojourn in this strange land, when we commemorated with them in the little Union church the suffering and death of our common Master, our hearts were truly bound together in Christian love. Some of our traveling companions who remained in Yokohama a few days waiting for their vessel to sail, called on us and renewed our pleasant ocean acquaintance, and on the day they sailed, Miss Fletcher arranged a beautiful basket of evergreens (twenty-four varieties) from our garden, which we carried to the steamer, and bade the friends good-bye, hoping to meet them some time again.

There are many lovely walks and drives on the bluff with beautiful residences of Europeans, somewhat oriental in their style, with attractive grounds filled with oriental trees and shrubs. People walk very little, many keep their own conveyance, and those who do not, patronize the jin-ri-ki-shas which waiting on every corner, are very comfortable and convenient ; and in which you can ride an hour for ten cents.

I rise early, and in company with one of the girls make long tours of investigation before breakfast, which we have at eight, and I expect before long I shall know the ins and outs of Yokohama as well as I do those of Albany.

Letter from MISS FLETCHER.

ASSUMING NEW DUTIES.

Safely over the perils by land and sea, with humble thankful hearts we record our voyage done, and though days of discomfort, of storm and tempest were so often about us, yet

"They lie in the shadows behind us
For the Lord has brought us out;"

and now at the "Home" we find rest and comfort in His smile. I cannot begin to tell you how delightful are our surroundings. I do not have time for home-sickness, for being busy from morning until night, I cannot be very unhappy. My study in Japanese is my delight.

It has been thought necessary that I should remain as an assistant in the household, and take charge of the specific correspondence, but for the present I take the smaller department in the school. The pupils have gradually gathered in since the beginning of the school term ; and bright happy faces add to the cheer of merry voices singing their English taught hymns, or busy with lessons in Japanese, or chatting in both languages at once. In my department, there are some girls who speak no language but their own, and yet who prepare and recite lessons in English, reading and spelling with an accuracy quite surprising, the more so, that their teacher can scarcely understand a word of their native tongue. Their readiness for instruction is

very gratifying, and they seem always eager for any exercise of which prayer and praise to the one great God and his Christ, are a part.

STRANGE IDOL WORSHIP.

Every one bears testimony to the warmth of affection, inate quickness of perception, and susceptibility to impressions of the Japanese people. But, alas! in many cases they belong to the class of stony-ground hearers, when the seed of the Gospel is sown for them. I have been down into Egypt once and beheld the people of the land sitting in the darkness and shadow. In other words, I have been in their temples where a sacred pony is kept, and holy pigeons roost, and where the devotees to Buddhism find an outlet for their religious enthusiasm and erring faith. Here is the god Benzura, a shapeless, featureless stump of a figure, worn to a polished smoothness by the hands that daily pass over him in search of the relief from pain and disease that the touch will bring. Never shall I forget the horror that came upon me with the realizing sense that the poor deluded creatures have a faith in their religion, that they are in principle worshippers of idols, and yet are as far from salvation as if no "Christ had died to have them reconciled in Him to God."

PAPER PRAYERS.

I have had a delightful excursion to Dai Butsu, the great image and temple near Kamakura, so ably described in Rev. Mr. Griffis' "Mikado's Empire." Miss Guthrie, Mr. Burnell, an Evangelist from Chicago and myself started early one morning in jin-ri-ki-shas with two coolies each, and at seven P. M., had gone a distance of eighteen miles, visiting on the way, the great temple of Hachiman the god of war. Here we saw a monster bell eight feet high and six inches in thickness. It is struck on a round raised spot by a small tree-trunk swung loosely on two ropes. I love to hear these solemn bell-tones, mellowed by distance and wonderfully sweet. This temple we reached by climbing one hundred and sixty-two steps of stone, built up the hill side. At all temples you see tied on every available knot or post, pieces of white paper containing the prayers of worshippers.

At some of the entrances where the guardian angels are set up, the images are almost covered with balls, which by sticking to them denote answer to the prayer that is to be offered. If the ball does not adhere, devotion is postponed to a more propitious time. The hideous great red angels at the entrance to Dai Butsu are disgustingly pitted in this manner. The image of Great Buddha is a shrine inside, and after despoiling it of some flowers and one of these prayers we took our luncheon under his shadow in a room of the priest's house.

Letters from Japanese Scholars.

YASU HISKIHAUS writes: I would like to write to you a few words. We are very happy, for we can meet together once more in our happy Christian home. Our school opened on the eighteenth of this month, and we are joyful. But this year we have had many changes, and all the arrangement of school is different. Our dear Mrs. Pierson has formed her company of Bible readers, which she was expecting to have for a long time; and six of us are chosen and I am one of the company. Our great desire is to lead many wandering souls to the foot of the Cross this year. We have decided to go out three times a week. For the present, we are not allowed to begin to teach, for the cholera is prevailing in Yokohama. We hope we may be safe in the arms of our blessed Saviour through this affliction. We need your constant prayers very much. * * *

HISA writes to MRS. PRUYN: I long to see your sweet face and hear your gentle voice. I hung your photograph in our room, and I can see it when I am in bed. I am very sorry for my sister's death, but I must not feel my loneliness. I must remember how happy she is with her dear Saviour, and her friends who have gone before. I sometimes feel I want to go there too, but I must wait till the Lord calls me, and while waiting, I must work very hard for our dear Saviour who has done so much for us.

VISITOR'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Burnell, an Evangelist from Chicago, while traveling through the East, visited our "Home" in Japan, and as his impression of the work there was given to us in a recent letter, we give the following extracts, as of special interest to the friends of this work :

October 10th, 1877. One week ago, to-day, I arrived at this port from America. Miss Guthrie, of the American Home, invited any of the new arrivals to be guests, and I was the fortunate one who could accept the invitation. The six nights spent at the "Home," with the morning and evening meal, the family prayers with the girls, the Bible study with the servants, the morning and evening services with the teachers, have each and all been most suggestive, instructive, and inspiring. Opportunities for seeing the life at the Home could not have been better. It certainly is commendation to say, that I have never been in an American school of this character, or of any character, and witnessed what appears to me more true and wise relations between teachers and taught. My advantages of observation at home have been considerable, having traveled a thousand miles per month for twenty years in Christian work. To do, and not to over-do, to take these native girls from their little, strange, peculiar, and yet interesting homes, and train them wisely, to return them to that life again, needs a kind of wisdom that only cometh down from God, out of Heaven. To be well-balanced, symmetrical, instructive and devout, is not a small attainment under the most favorable circumstances. To be so here, is especially to be commended. To rule as though one ruled not, is the highest style of ruling. All honor to our divine Lord and Redeemer for this Union work. *The spirit of the 17th of John is the spirit of this home.* I came expecting to be deeply interested in this phase of the Christian work of Japan, and from my inmost heart can say to the praying and giving ones at home, you may well thank God, for this open door for your faith and your money.

GREECE—Athens.

Letters from MRS. FLUHART.

Since my fifteenth birthday, I do not remember to have spent two weeks so absolutely free from care, as those I spent just before our school opened this year, at Kaphisia. It is a small village, about twelve miles northeast of Athens, situated just beyond the village of Amarousa, at the foot of Pentelicus. Each village has its square or place of promenade, and each has its fountain of clear cold water. The square of Kaphisia is a most delightful place for tired people to go to, and take a cup of coffee. It is shaded by two trees, the largest I have seen in Greece, one of which is a plane, the other, aspen. At one side of the square in an opening, entered by a small iron gate, are the remains of the tombs of the Herods. Herod Atticas had a villa at this place, and when Athens flourished, it was always a summer resort. The former king Otho had a summer residence there, which is now the hotel of the place. A short distance beyond the town, are the head waters of Kephalaria.

One day we all went to Pentelicus, a distance of three miles, on donkeys. The day was spent under some large shade trees, near a fountain which lies back of the monastery. The monastery is the point where travelers, wishing to ascend the mountain, leave their carriages and take donkeys, or go on foot. There is a lovely view of Marathon and Greece from the top.

WORK IN SUMMER.

My friends insisted that I needed this rest after a winter of school work, and also because it is the custom here to keep the boarders during summer and continue their lessons. We conform so far as to keep them, and continue French and English studies. During the vacation, they rise at six o'clock, after which we have prayers, and are ready for breakfast or coffee at seven. At eight, the girls take their books, study and recite until eleven. From that time until twelve they are at liberty to study, sew, or do what they like. Some help in household affairs, and all take especial delight in ironing, which some of them are able to do quite well. We do all we can to

elevate the standard of domestic duties, which in Greece, perhaps more than in other countries, is looked down upon as belonging only to servants. However high-minded and aristocratic the ideas of our girls may be when they come to us, they very soon fall into our way, and offer to render little services, to which they would have shown decided repugnance had they been asked to do them on entering. I wish I could give you some idea of how good the girls have endeavored to be this summer, while I have been obliged to bear the burden, on account of Miss Leyburn's absence for her health. One morning, after a night of suffering, I did not hear the rising bell. The pupils seeing I did not go out as usual, went down very softly without allowing the bell to be rung, had prayers, and were half finished breakfast when I appeared.

The remainder of the time they sew, practice, read or sing, and in the evening we all sit in the parlor, sometimes reciting, or relating the books which they read in English, sometimes singing and often playing the beautiful little game of "password," which was given me in America, and which they like very much.

Some of our pupils continue to show great interest in the welfare of their souls; one said to me the other day, "I cannot help thinking all the time about my soul. I am so distressed, I do not know what to do. After a long conversation with her, she seemed to feel that she would never give up trying to find that peace so dear to us all. She tells me that she and one other of our pupils pray together often, and both are seeking our Saviour. I knew they are, for in everything they seem to try so hard to do their duty.

I returned from my rest in time to make preparations for moving into a larger house, where we can accommodate sixteen boarding pupils. The situation seems to be better than we had apprehended, for we have had quite a number of new scholars. The weather continues very warm, but notwithstanding, our pupils appear with bright faces and seem ready for work. We pray that this may be a year of great blessing to us all, that our dear pupils may be brought into the fold.

Home Department.

Events of Autumn.

Another missionary, Miss Mary Nelson, of Virginia, has gone from our midst to re-inforce our "Home" in Japan, leaving San Francisco November 3d, 1877. While in California she was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Mills, one of the principals of "Mills' Seminary," Brooklyn, Cal. She enthusiastically writes in her last letter from America: "You can scarcely imagine such a lovely spot as 'Mills' Seminary.' Nature and art have both combined to render it as nearly like Paradise as any part of this earth can be."

It was very pleasant to know that our dear Miss Crosby, who arrived from Japan October 18th, could give a parting word to Miss Nelson, meeting for the first time in San Francisco, but from their consecration in a common work, no longer strangers.

Friends of our loved society gathered Sabbath evening, October 14th, at the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn, to bid farewell to Miss Nelson and Miss Hook who before another Sabbath would be far away. The Church is dear to us, because from among its members, still in their childhood, was born the first "Mission Band" in America, the PIONEER whose form and methods have been adopted by every Missionary Board in the land. Rev. Dr. Budington, pastor of the Church, presided at the meeting, introducing Mrs. Pruyn from Japan, and Dr. J. R. Phillips of Midnapore, India. Few who were present failed to be stirred by the glowing sketch Dr. Phillips gave of a heathen woman's work in India, only to be balanced by the power of such devotion for her regeneration

as was shown by the missionaries of our "Homes" in Calcutta and Allahabad, with whom he was intimately acquainted. He spoke of the "Home" as a source not only of good but of light, and as having in a marked degree affected the standard of public sentiment regarding the necessity of educating women.

Mrs. Pruyn's reflections on the religious influence of our "Home" in Japan, were very forcible, proving that within its walls grew up and largely developed the germ of a union church for Christ in Yokohama.

The time-honored presence of our late President, dear Mrs. Doremus, was sadly missed, as no gathering in the interests of the Society, in storm as well as sunshine, had ever been held in this Church when she was not present. Allusions to her influence and life gave a very tender interest to the evening's exercises.

Who maketh thee to differ.

When a little daughter is born into a happy Christian family, there are thanksgivings to God, and rejoicings, and tenderest expressions of welcome. The other children of the family hover over the infant with a kind of loving awe. They hail the little sister as a special gift for their very own to love and care for, their wondrous gift from God, and their delight is but a dim reflection of the father's rejoicing over his new treasure. Different indeed is it in heathen lands, and in homes beyond the range of Christian influences. There, as Dr. Jared Scudder so eloquently expresses it,—"Nothing is more dreaded than the arrival of an infant girl in the family, accounted as she is a present disgrace and a future burden. No impertinent congratulations of friends are waiting to welcome her; only a father's maledictions, and a mother's wailing over another little candidate for suffering, receive the young stranger." This for India. In some countries nearer to us, no kindlier greeting awaits her.

While the children of a mission-school in Turkey were play-

ing together, one day at recess, the teacher overheard two little girls speaking of the size of a certain object—a plaything of some kind. One said, "O, it was so very little!" And the other asked, "How little?" "Why a little wee thing." The other pressed her still farther: "Well, how little?" To which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry and the pathos of the comparison, "As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born." E. H. S.

Are we the Poorer.

Those timorous Christians, who think that all sympathies and funds should be expended upon "objects nearer home" than the fields of foreign missions,—those doubting Thomases who hint that "it takes ten dollars to send one to the heathen,"—should be persuaded to read commercial estimates made by persons who have no prejudices in favor of missions, but who study the market reports. Here are a few figures:

The Christianization of the Sandwich Islands has created a commerce, which for the year 1871 alone, amounted to nearly four and a-half millions of dollars, and which would certainly have paid, twenty times over, all the modest salaries of the missionaries whose self-denying efforts wrought the change.

The agricultural implements bought by natives of South Africa, in direct consequences of the instructions received from American missionaries, yield a yearly profit to manufacturers in this country, which has already more than balanced the entire expense of the missions! The value of the same market for wearing apparel and other merchandise is beyond computation.

For every pound sterling which England spends in Christian missions, it has been calculated that she receives ten in commercial profit; and the same estimate is true of our own country. Doubtless, this is the lowest possible view of the advantages of missions. But we must meet objectors on their own ground. So far from the American churches being poorer today for what they have expended in carrying the good news of

Christ's redemption to souls that sit in darkness, the intellectual and social elevation of these people, bringing them within the circle of civilized intercourse, *has paid* all the gold and silver it has cost.

If the outlay was not from the same pockets that receive the income,—if the treasure so blessed of the Lord was drawn by full-devoted hearts out of scanty purses, while the rich increase goes to swell the golden hoard of those who had no part or lot in the consecration—let our merchants answer that to their own consciences. It is not for us to balance their books ; but perhaps when they cipher up this year's accounts, the question will occur to them, "How much *owest* thou unto my Lord?"

Shawl-weavers in Kashmir.

Our dear Miss Lathrop sends us the following extract from an Indian paper, which may interest many who have never thought of the beautiful fabrics so much prized :

"If ever there was a country where Factory Acts, regulating the hours and places of labor are required, that country is Kashmir. Cooped up in low and over-crowded huts, the unfortunate shawl-workers are kept at work during the long summer days, breathing a vitiated air, and rarely, if ever, using their limbs in any way. Their puny frames, their small and weakly bones, and the cachetic, wasted look, that even through their pallid skins is so evident, form an extraordinary contrast to the glorious physique of the agricultual boatmen classes of Kashmir. Where a shawl-weaving village exists, the marked deterioration of the race is sadly evident, and some steps might be taken to limit the working hours, and to raise the character of the huts in which these men carry on their daily labor. Little perhaps does the western lady, who appears adorned with beautiful Kashmir fabrics, imagine they have been made in frightfully over-crowded villages, by a people who literally perish of disease in producing them."

A Fitting Memorial.

A beautiful mural tablet has been erected to our late President, in the South Reformed Church, N. Y., of which she was for fifty-three years an active member. It is placed in the left transept of the church, over the door of the room in which for many years Mrs. Doremus taught the large infant class of the Sabbath-school, furnishing its necessities, including its melodeon and library, by her own gifts. The tablet is five feet wide, and four feet, seven inches high, is Gothic in style, and is sculptured with a chaste and elegant design of ivy leaves, from the purest Italian marble, bearing this inscription :

IN

MEMORY OF

SARAH PLATT, wife of THOMAS C. DOREMUS

WHO PEACEFULLY FELL "ASLEEP IN JESUS"

JANUARY 29TH 1877

Aged 74.

She united with this church, September 11th, 1823.

"Well reported of for good works; she hath brought up children, she hath lodged strangers, she hath washed the saint's feet, she hath relieved the afflicted, she hath diligently followed every good work."—1. *Tim.*, 5. 10.

This is mounted on a still larger slab of black marble, on which is written :

"This tablet is erected as a tribute of affection, by the ladies of the South Reformed Church."

Mrs. N. L. McCready, of New York, designed to erect the tablet herself, as an expression of her reverence and love for Mrs. Doremus, but it was deemed appropriate that other members of the congregation should also be represented in it. As it is the only tablet which has ever been erected to a lady, by any church of this denomination, it seems a fitting memorial in the city of her birth, "of one who was spent for Christ and His."

Mission-Band Department.

Market Day in India.

Once while I was living in Calcutta, it was necessary for me to go to market, and as it was a great contrast to the market in America, as well as to our manner of doing business, I am going to tell you about it.

We started at nine o'clock for Dhurrumtollah Bazaar, which is a large square, laid out in narrow walks with stalls on each side, filled with every imaginable article from dress goods and hardware down to meat, fish and vegetables. It is all under cover so we could walk through it without danger from the sun's rays.

We first went to a meat stand, selected a suitable piece and enquired the price. I think the man said "three dollars." At any rate it was an enormous price, and if we had been willing to pay it, I think it would have surprised him as much as his asking had astonished us. However we shook our heads saying, "Too much, we cannot give it." "Well," he said, "how much will you give?" We named a sum which was about fifty cents, which he thought much too small. So we moved on to another stall, to go through about the same bartering, only this time we offered a little more. But no, we could not get any at our price. Again we passed to another, then to another, and so on, until we found ourselves in the neighborhood of the first place again, and were greeted by the man with "This is a fine piece of meat, very large, very tender, little bone, nice piece of fat, *very* tender." At last in despair we offered him seventy-five cents, which after a great

deal of talking he gave us, but put on a most injured air, as though we had been cheating him. But we knew he was receiving a large price for his meat.

Next we went to a vegetable stand. There sat a man with no covering above his waist, his feet crossed under him and with the different kinds of vegetables all around him arranged in groups. After much bartering we agreed with him for four pounds of potatoes for twelve cents, but the cabbage and onions he would not give us for our price. Then we commenced another tour, and after much effort succeeded in getting two pounds of onions and a cabbage for what we thought was a reasonable sum.

Next we searched for the fruits. It was out of the season for most of the fruits, and little was to be seen excepting bananas and pepiya, which has the form of a musk melon, but inside has the color and taste of raw carrots, at least I think so, although many like it very much. After the usual preamble we deposited a fine bunch of plantains in our basket, and made our way to the gharry as fast as we could, tired and disgusted, feeling we would rather be somewhat cheated by our servant than undertake such a task again. I had gone to market because I thought the servant had charged us too much.

I was more successful as regards quality than I was at Bangalore, where I bought some oranges at a cheap price as I thought. When we were at dinner I took one that looked beautiful on the outside, but found it so bitter to the taste that I could not eat it, On looking up I saw the man who usually marketed for us convulsed with laughter. I asked him why the oranges were not good, and he told me that was a kind that was never eaten but the peel was used for marmalade.

When I first came to India I was much disappointed, as all of the fruits had such a flavor of vegetables, but now I am learning to like them very much, especially the qua-

ra and the luscious mango, which, although very much larger, is like a plum. The common size is about six inches long and three wide, and quite stringy. The natives enjoy it much, and think there never was such a delightful nourishing fruit. They throw great quantities in a large tub of water, then sit around, and eat a great number, letting the juice fall where it will.

Our pupils show their love for us by keeping us quite well supplied with fruit. Every few days comes a large tray for some lady with the "salaam" or compliments of one of the zenana women. We get peaches from the northern part of India, also water melons and musk melons, but not so sweet and good as we have in America. Sometimes on the ice ships from Boston, apples can be bought, but they do not taste as they did when we were at home.

G. WARD.

Quarrel for Shoes.

A gentleman who has lived in the East many years, has written a charming book about the children there. It tells us that people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house, but always leave their shoes at the door. Among other things he carries us to the outside of a school house and says, "It is very curious to go to the Syrian school houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob kobs, and black shoes and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob kobs are wooden clogs made to raise the feet out of the mud or water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and pavements on these dangerous kob kobs. Sometimes they slip and then

down they go on their noses and the kob kobs fly off, and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name is, begins to shout "Ya Imme," "oh! my mother," and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part of it is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys and of course a hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, kicking away the other shoes, running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked and hair pulled and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming and cursing follow, which will only cease when the Master comes with his stick and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many schoolboy fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You would wonder how they tell their own shoes, so do I. And the boys often wear off each others shoes by mistake, or on purpose and then you will see Selim running with one shoe on, and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather until he gets back his lost property.

A little Child shall lead them.

A little friend, who has often made gifts to our India Mission, has sent each of the orphans in our CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE, a Testament, as a remembrance for Christmas. We are rejoiced to hear that although only eight years old, "she denied herself two Christmas presents,"

to send the Word of Life to the children. How many of our older friends have given as great and self-denying a proof of their love for the cause?

Wayside Scholars.

One day while I was waiting for one of the Missionaries, I took up a Bengali book, but before I read very far I heard a childish voice say "she is reading," and on looking up I saw some little Hindoostanee girls watching me very intently. I smiled and beckoned them nearer and after a few minutes when their shyness wore off I asked the eldest if she would like to learn to read; she replied "Mem Sahib I am a poor girl and am obliged to work hard, how could I?" I told her I would give her a book and would teach her once a week. Her face brightened as she said, "Would you really give me a book?" Two of the others also expressed a desire to learn, and I told them I should be happy to see as many as could come, but they must wash their sarrees for they were literally black with oil. They looked a little ashamed while the oldest one said, "These are the only garments we have, but we will wash them and look clean when you come again, and you shall teach us in my sister's hut."

A. SMITH.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. A. Paige Peake, by M. B. "Rhinebeck Gleaners," Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Mrs. A. M. Wood, Dorchester, Mass.
Miss Ella C. Oakey and Miss Annie M. Stultz, by M. B. "Nimble Fingers," of Millstone, N. J. Aux.
Mrs. W. H. McGoodwin, by Dorinda Mission Band, Franklin, Ky.
Mrs. William M. Ayer, by Mrs. Charles Coffin, Haverhill Zenana Mission Society.

NEW MISSION BANDS.

"Morris Plains" Band, Morristown, N. J.
"Leverick" Band, Corona, L. I.
"Jennie Norris" Band, in the Sabbath School of the Reformed Epis. Church, Baltimore, Md.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society from Sept. 20th, to Nov. 20th, 1877.*

MASSACHUSETTS,

Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas. for Zenana work in India. (See items below) $375 65
Northampton "Seelye Children," for "Mary Seelye," Calcutta, 30 00
$405 65

CONNECTICUT.

Hamburg, "Hamburg Band," Mrs. Wm. Marvin, Pres. . . $20 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. F. Townsend, Treas. (See items below) 149 65
Collected by Mrs. Pruyn, Churches of Knox and Berne, 12; Rev. Wm. H. Ballagh, 10; Catskill, 5; Mrs. Dr. Buttolph. 5; sale of photographs, 3; "Grandmama's Letters," 10; 45 00
Brooklyn, collections in Dr. Budington's Church, at Farewell Meeting, ... 118 68
"Zenana Mission Band of St. Peter's Church," Mrs. Ann Burroughs, 1; Mrs. G. A. Wickes, 1; Mrs. G. S. Stagg, 1.50; Mrs. Rev. J. A. Paddock, 5; Mrs. J. T. Walker, 4; Mrs. H. G. Nichols, 15: Mrs. E. V. Goodwin, 10; Mrs. Turner, 1; Mrs. Ambler, 1.50; Mrs. Audry Clark, 5; Miss M. E. Winslow, 5; Miss Maggie Winchell, 2; Miss A. B. Berard, 5; Miss Deuroche, 2; Miss Ball, 2.50; A Friend, 1; Cash, 2.50; . . 65 00
Mrs. D. J. Lyons, Collector, 27 00
Champlain, S. S. of 1st Presb. and Cong. Ch. per Mr. V. B. Stetson, Supt., ... 10 00
Irvington, "Irvington Band," per Mrs. John C. Terry for Sarah Bertha Coffin and Anna Brown, in Calcutta, ... 150 00
Kinderhook, "Daisy Collier Band," per Mrs. W. H. Rainey, . . 20 75
New York, Mrs. C. Force, per Miss Church, ... 2 00
Seventh Ave. Mission S. S. per Mr. Paton for Christmas gift to Miss Anthony, Allahabad, . 10 00
Miss J. Abeel, Collector, . . 15 00
Schenectady, Miss L. M. Hook donations for her work, etc.: Mrs. Welch for Miss Hook's work, 10; A Friend for gift to Miss Roderick, 10; S. S. at West Troy, for gift to Brotto, 11; Miss Dillaye, for photographs, 5; Germantown Aux., for Miss Hook, 25; Friends at Schenectady, 64; 125 00
$738 08

NEW JERSEY.

Metuchen, Metuchen Aux., Miss Abbie Thomas, Treas. . . . 12 00
Chatham, "Oak Ridge Mission Band," per Miss Sarah Wallace, for child in Calcutta, . . . 50 00
Millstone, "Nimble Fingers," Millstone Aux. per Mrs. E. T. Corwin, for child in Calcutta, 30; for Christmas gifts for Orphans, 20: all to constitute ELLA C. OAKEY and ANNIE W. STULTZ, Life Members, ... 50 00
Newark, Newark Aux. Mrs. E. D. G. Smith, Treas. (See items below) 331 50
Princeton, Princeton Aux. Miss Allen, Treas. 175 00
Summit, Mrs. Henry L. Pierson, subscription, ... 20 00
$638 50

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Woman's Foreign Missionary Soc of the Presb. Church, Mrs. Julia M. Fishburn, Treas. to complete the payment of Mrs. True's indebtedness for outfit and passage, . . . 195 50
Philadelphia Branch, Mrs. Chas. B. Keen, Treas. for Miss Lathrop, in gold, . . . 196 00
For Miss Jones, in gold, . 196 00
For Miss Guthrie, 2-3 in gold, 100 00
Premium on above, . . . 13 53
Bible Reader, in Calcutta, sup. by Mrs. Morris and family, 50 00
Bible Reader, under Mrs. Bennett, Rangoon, sup. by Miss M. O. Longstreth, ... 50 00
For Margaret Murray, in Miss Haswell's school, Maulmain, sup. by Mrs. Murray and family, 30 00
For Frances Bennett, Calcutta, sup. by Class of 1877, of Chestnut St. Female Seminary, Phila. 50 00
For Lulu Ethel, in Miss Haswell s school, sup. by Mrs. F. Odin Horstmann, ... 30 00
For Blanche Mackey, in Mrs. David Downie's school, Nellore, Hindostan, ... 30 00
For payment of mortgage on Mrs. Pruyn's Mission Home, being profits on sale of her book, 17 50
Links, from March to Nov. (inclusive) 181 80
(Total from Philadelphia Branch $944 83).
$1140 33

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Mrs. Hardgrove, per Miss Jones, ... $2 00

OHIO.

Columbus, Legacy from Miss Sophia McKee, per Mr. Jas. M. McKee, administrator, ... $500 00

INDIANA.

New Albany, "Lapsley Band," Mrs. M. A. Lapsley, per Miss Jennie Duncan, . . . $20 00

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Kentucky Branch, Mrs. S. J. Look, Treas. Sam'l McKee Memorial Band, per Mrs. Sam'l McKee, Danville, Ky . . 17 00
Miss E. J. L. Anderson, for Miss Brittan, ... 2 00
"Ray of Promise," and "Bright Hope," Bands per Mrs. H. M. Browne, for Susan McElroy, Japan, 60; for Mrs. Pierson, 20; 80 00

$99 00

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, "Mary Institute Band," St. Louis Aux. Mrs. C. Barker, Treas. of which 60c. for Link, $11 90

JAPAN.

Mrs. Lydia E. Ballagh, as part of her passage and outfit returned per Mr. Edward K. Clark, . $230 00

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR "MISSIONARY LINK,"

Mrs. D. J. Lyons, 3; Mrs. Jenkins, 3; smaller subscriptions, 14.75, 20 75
Sale of "Kardoo," . . . 75

Total from Sept. 20th to Nov. 50th, 1877, ... $3,826 96

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON,
Ass't Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *of the Boston Branch.*

Brookline, for the benefit of Zenana work in India, ... 62 00
Isabella J. Watson's collection for the Beach St. Aux.: James Thompson, 1; Christina McRae, 1; Sarah McLane, 1; Jessie McLoud, 1; Jessie Matherson, 1; Isabel Leck, 2; Mary McQuiny, 1; Isabella McKenzie, 1; Christina Martin, 1; Annie Hunter, 1; Maggie Joyce, 1; Sophia Crockett, 25c.; Mary Panting, 1; Christina McLellan, 1; Vina McLellan, 1; Lizzie Mc Loud, 50c.; Lizzie Frazier, 25c.; Mary J. McDonald, 1; Dolena McIvor. 1; Annie Sutherland, 25c.; Christina McFee, 1; Mary McKinzie, 1; Maggie Grant, 25c.; Lizzie Cruikshanks, 1; Isabella J. Watson, 1; Mlle. F. C. Seguin, 1; 23 00
Mrs. J. B. Richardson's collection, ... 12 00
Lawrence Aux. subscriptions and Links, ... 70 25
Through Mrs. E. Crosby, . 1 00
Mrs. H. D. Osgood, . . . 1 00
From Mrs. Wm. Appleton, towards the support of Miss Brittan, ... 50 00
Mrs. J. M. Beebe, Jr., ... 25 00
Collected by Mrs. E. Crosby: a friend, 2; Misses Ball, subscriptions and Links, 3.20; Mrs. John Trull, sub. and Links, 1.60; Mrs. Safford, for Link, 60c. . 7 40
Beach St. Aux. towards the support of Miss Woodward: Mrs. Baker, 80; Mrs. J. B. Dunn, 25; Mrs. Irving, 10; Mrs. Geo. Crow, 5; Mrs. D. McIvor, 1; Mrs. Ball, 50c. 123 50

$375 65

MARIA N. JOHNSON,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS *from Albany Branch.*

From Mrs. Pruyn, being proceeds of Rev. Mr. Clark's lecture, 52 85
From the "Augusta Melville," Memorial Band, . . . 20 00
From Mrs. Howard Townsend, Annual subscription, . . . 50 00
From Miss Ada Viele, for Link subscription, ... 60
From Mrs. Geo. A. Woolverton, for Link subscription, . . 60
From Mrs. D. K. Bartlett, for Link subscription, . . . 00
From Mrs. G. R. Meneely, . 5 00
From Mrs. Frederick Townsend, annual subscription, . . . 20 00

$149 65

MRS. FREDERICK TOWNSEND,
Treasurer.

The Ladies of Albany have also contributed for Mrs. Viele's outfit in cash,	125 00
Goods valued at	164 85
From "Grandmamma's Letters,"	20 00
For Miss Fletcher's outfit:	
Ladies of Dr. Clark's church,	62 00
Rev. Dr. Clark,	50 00
From "Grandmamma's Letters."	20 00
From "Grandmamma's Letters," for lunch basket, for both	10 00
	$451 85

Also received and transmitted to Japan by Mrs. Pruyn, Miss S. Y. Lansing, for Tokichi's travelling expenses,	25 00
Mrs. LaGrange's Band for Bible Reader,	40 00
Third Pres., S. S. for do	30 00
	95 00
	451 85
Total	$546 85

Receipts *of Newark Aux. from Oct. 2d to Nov. 24th 1877.*

By Miss S. Wallace, Sussex Ave. Mission Band, "Little Leaf Blades,"	25 00
By Mrs. Few Smith, 2d Presb. Ch. A Friend,	25 00
By Miss S. Wallace, from subscribers,	20 00
By Mrs. Few Smith, collected by Mrs. J. VanArsdale,	42 00
By Miss J. A. Avery, (Woodside)	20 00
By Miss J. Abeel, North Reformed Church,	96 00
By Mrs. Chas. Graham and Mrs. J. Ward, 2d Presb. Ch.	40 00
By Mrs. W. Whitehead, Trinity Epis. Church,	58 00
Mrs. Samuel Baldwin,	5 00
By Miss Graham, Mrs. George Moore, Link,	50
	$331 50

Mrs. E. D. G. SMITH,
Treasurer.

Receipts *of Phila., Branch from Oct. 1st, to Dec. 1st, 1877.*

Through Mrs. I. S. Williams: Mrs. Bush, of Germantown, for 12 copies Mrs. Pruyn's book,	12 00
Through Mrs. Lex: Mrs. J. M. Brook's annual subscription for 1877,	10 00
Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Mrs. A. L. Lowry, for education of "Alice" under Miss Brittan's care, 50; Margaret J. Handy, 5; for Link, 50c,; Anna Burnham, for Link, 50c.; Anna Shipley, 2; for Link, 50c.; Eliz. Worthington, Link, 50c.; Mrs. J. M. Brooks, Link, 50c.; M. A. Longstreth, 5 copies Link, 2.50; Anna M. Benham, Link, 50c.;	62 50
Through Miss A. M. Kennard: from Miss Carrie M. Loud, Georgia City, Mo.,	5 00
Through Mrs. Stotesbury: Mrs. Wm. Allen's Bible Class, 2d. Ref. Epis. Ch. 17; Miss. Kate Seagur, 1; Mrs. John M. Cauley 1; Mrs. Thos. Maule, Link, 60c,	19 60
Through Mrs. R. C. Matlack: Miss Mary M. Fox, Link, 2.35; 1 Kardoo, 75c.	3 10
Mrs. Deborah C. Earley, annual subscription,	20 00
From interest on Harriet Holland Estate,	490 00
Six month's interest from Miss M. A. Boardman's legacy,	36 50
Cash from an Unknown Friend,	50 00
	$708 71

Mrs. C. B. KEEN,
Treasurer.

We gratefully acknowledge the following Mission Boxes:

1 box from Princeton, N. J., Aux. containing one doz. dolls, donation from Miss Mary S. Allibone, and toys from "Little Phœbe Maclean," for the children in Pekin, China, value $15.00; 1 box containing Christmas gifts for Calcutta, from Ref. Epis. Church, Baltimore, value $60.00; 1 box from Miss Smith through Chicago Branch, containing gifts for the Christmas tree in the Home at Yokohama, value $50.00.

Miss Smith writes: "The dolls contained in this box were dressed by the "Agarine" Society, a young ladies Missionary Band at Balston, under the direction of Madame Ladd, who was for many years a Missionary in Turkey and Syria. Their efforts are directed to the education of a pupil at Constantinople whose name is "Agarine," so that Constantinople and Yokohama clasp hands and encourage each other.

Also Testaments for our orphans in Calcutta, from a little girl on Staten Island.

For use in Library only

For use in Library only

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01046 6458